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plantations as casuals, and a number of them did so intermittently, returning to the village to sleep.

The excess of boys over adolescent girls is explained by the fact that many of the girls were living with their prospective relatives-in-law in other villages, while the brides of the boys wearing the *upi* remained with their own people till after the *watawutf*.

One man has four wives, one has three, and five have two. One of these is a boy still wearing the *upi*, whose 'wives'—they are spoken of as such although the marriage rites have not been completed—do not yet live in the village, but pay short visits only.

Leaving out the 25 boys wearing the *upi*, and 4 men who sleep with them in the *tobār*, there are 107 individuals (72 adults and 35 children) living in 27 huts. The majority of huts have 3 or 4 inhabitants. The largest number sleeping, habitually, in the same hut is 7, which happens in 3 cases. One hut has a solitary occupant, an old widow, whose children are all dead.

THE DAILY ROUND

The village day begins at sunrise, with a leisurely stroll, during which frequent halts are made to enjoy the morning sun. It is not often that we wake to rain; that comes generally later in the day. The women take a briefer stroll, return home, and begin to rake together the ashes of the fire, probably still hot from having smouldered through the night. Soon the native Mission teacher blows the conch-shell which is the signal for Mass, and those who feel so inclined make their way to the church. (The church is beside the road, hidden by trees from the village, hence it does not appear in the plan. The villagers had just finished its construction when I came to live among them.) On their return, the women uncover the ovens in which taro has meanwhile been roasting, or they may boil some instead, or, if there is any over from yesterday, it may be eaten cold, together with any bits of fish or other relish that may be available. The men come along presently, the children are called up, and every one eats, but not a large meal. If the village is by the sea, some families will take their meal on to the beach and eat it round a fire kindled there. Then the women collect the scraps and call the pigs, who come on hearing their names. All now sit about for awhile, gossiping and making arrangements for the day.

The women presently pick up their knives and packs (made of

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poses—in a dozen or so cleaned-out coco-nut shells. The men come in from the reef, dangling strings of fish, if they have been lucky, or from the bush with a 'possum or two on a pole over their shoulders. Smoke begins to rise from every hut, in preparation for the main meal of the day. This consists for the most part of taro, but it is essential to have a 'relish' of fish, shell-fish, or 'possum, or, in the rare event of a hunter having been successful, a piece of wild pig, if the animal is not required to be kept alive for a forthcoming feast. But either the pigs are very wary, or, which is more likely, the hunter has given less attention to his quarry than to his assignation, for it is not often that he brings home any spoil.

The meal disposed of, the sound of the conch-shell calls the village to evening service. By the time it is over, the sun will have set. There is no twilight in these latitudes, darkness falling a very short time after the sun has disappeared. Fires provide the only illumination, and soon appear dotted about the village, with groups sitting round them chatting and playing with the children. In spite of what may have seemed an uneventful day, they always have plenty to talk about, and they sometimes tease one another unmercifully. If a dance is going on, any one who wishes joins in, and, if the occasion is a ceremonial one, and is sufficiently important, every one, children as well as adults, stays up all night, some always keeping the dance going while others stop to rest, to eat, or to make love, returning to the ranks of the dancers as and when they feel inclined.

If nothing is toward, the village settles down for the night very early, unless there is a moon, when it will resound with gossip and laughter for a long time. It is considered silly to go to bed while the moon shines. Once when I excused myself for leaving the assembled company on the ground that I was sleepy, they laughed, and said: 'This is not the time to go to bed. By and by, when the moon is gone, then you can sleep.'

Thus runs the course of an ordinary day in the life of a Bougainville village. In order to ascertain how the natives spent their time, individually, I kept for a while a daily record of certain of those who lived nearest to me, not, of course, in great detail, but noting what they were doing for the major part of each day. The records vary, naturally, with the character of the individual. Some are much more public-spirited than others, and take a prominent part in most village activities, other arrange their days to suit their own

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III

MARRIAGE AND SEX RELATIONS

124 585 [797] NO marriages took place at Kurtatchi during the nine months of my residence. Had there been any, they would have been conducted according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, since the village now has a resident native Mission teacher. If I had gone there a month or two earlier, I should have been able to witness the final stages of the marriage of Kakari, Pinari's nephew and heir, to Muben, a girl of rank from the village of Baniu, but I did not hear of this until too late. The account here given was obtained from a group of people who had themselves taken part in the events they described, of which at least the marriage ceremony itself was sufficiently recent to be clearly remembered. It was told in public, the audience, as usual, chiming in at intervals to add some detail omitted by the narrators. During visits to other villages, I obtained what information I could about the ritual as performed there, thus eliciting some local differences which are noted in their appropriate places. The main lines of the procedure are, however, similar throughout the area dealt with in this book. I was able to be present at some of the preliminary proceedings conducted on behalf of different individuals, but for the sequence of events and for the bulk of the detail I have been obliged to rely on my informants.

SEQUENCE OF EVENTS LEADING UP TO MARRIAGE

584 [436] A boy may be betrothed even before he has put on the *upi*, i.e. when he is less than seven or eight years old, and a girl when still quite a baby. The boy's father makes a series of visits to various villages, and when he finds a girl who takes his fancy, he brings a spear, puts a string of *beroan* (ceremonial currency of shell disks, see p. 446 and Pl. 67) round it, and offers it to the girl's mother. If the betrothal meets with her approval, she takes the spear and puts it up in the rafters of her hut, where it remains as a sign that the girl is promised. The father of the boy and the mother of the girl chew the betel-mixture together, and arrange a time when the boy's mother will go and chew betel in the girl's village. The boy

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stood to him in the relation of *pi'an* (cross-cousin), and as he was therefore prohibited from touching his skin, another man was specially appointed to perform the duty of putting on the paint.

They may not decorate themselves with a plant called *tsutsuir*, which is much liked by these people and is frequently worn tucked into the arm-band. This prohibition is removed after the watawutch ceremony.

IV. *Other regulations.*

In the olden days, boys wearing the *upi* were not allowed to handle edged tools. They might help to clear the bush, but all cutting was done by the *amro*. This taboo is no longer enforced.

A boy wearing the *upi* may not be beaten by anybody, no matter what his offence. Those who break this taboo will die. Specific instances were cited of people who had done so—and had died. It is permissible for two boys to fight each other, though it is difficult to imagine how they could do so effectively without first removing their head-gear.

In recent years, with the increase in the practice of going away to work for white men, another rule has been made, that the boys wearing the *upi* may not sign on as indentured labourers. For some time after putting on the hat they must not work for white men at all, but after their hair has grown to some length they can work as casuals, provided they work on a plantation near enough to their own village to enable them to return to it each night. They are not allowed to remove their *upi* while at work. After they have been through the *watawutʃ* they may sign on as indentured labourers and are permitted, if they wish, to remove the *upi* and tie up their hair in a bit of cloth; this is done to keep it out of the way rather than to prevent it from being seen, since the prohibition on showing it is removed at the *watawutʃ*.

A further complication is now caused by the boarding-schools instituted by the various missions. A boy from Ruri who went to one of these had his *upi* removed by the priest. His people were very angry, but the affair was not as bad as it might have been, because the lad had been through the *watawutʃ* ceremony. It was legitimized by making a feast at Ruri, to which the Kurtatchi people were invited; this brought the matter to my notice. (Incidentally, those who went said it wasn't much of a feast, there was only one pig and some taro, and they got only very little apiece!)

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593 which her duties and responsibilities were always towards her mother or her mother-in-law, she must now launch out for herself, not only entering into new and often difficult physical relations with a man who is practically a stranger to her, but also assuming the responsibility of providing food for him, of caring for their home, and, probably very soon, of bearing him a child. This great change in her circumstances may take place soon after, or in some cases even shortly before, her arrival at physiological maturity, or it may be delayed for some time.

797 871 177 882 582 The establishment of Mission schools is tending to alter the prospects of the adolescent girl in places within their sphere of influence. The possibility is now open to her of attending boarding-school, and thus of postponing for several years her marriage and, in the case of the younger girls, her betrothal. She is just beginning to assert her right to accept or reject the advances of her suitors, instead of passively acquiescing in a match arranged by her parents. At Petats there were several unmarried adolescent girls. One even announced her intention to remain so, saying that she preferred her freedom. But the point of view of the majority was probably better represented by the girl who said that she didn't want to stay single and have all sorts of things said about her. If occasion arises, the young people may even go so far as to question the authority of the taboo forbidding marriage with certain classificatory relatives. One couple, whom I knew, proposed, to the horror of their parents, to marry in spite of the fact that they stood to each other in the relationship of *mataha* ('brother and sister') since their grandmothers were sisters. In the end, however, the opposition was too strong for them, and the affair was broken off.

797 177 582 It is evident that the whole system of betrothal and marriage will eventually disappear, and be replaced, under the tuition of the missions, by something approximating to our own, involving the break-down of much of the native social structure. Whether they will make more of a success of marriage under these conditions than we do, or than they do under their own system, remains to be seen. On the face of it, and in view of the evidence cited in the Chapter III, there seems reason to think that the early part of married life, at any rate, would be made happier by the change. But it is hard to foretell what effect a radical change such as this is going to have on the life of a primitive community.

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Ruri, the next village to Kurtatchi, there was a girl of rank for whom this should have been done, but the proceedings were reduced to a short period of seclusion and the cooking of the *pipiro*. It would have been performed for Nawi at Kurtatchi, a much more conservative village than Ruri, had it not been that the village was engaged in preparations for the *watawutf*, this involving modification of the first menstruation rite, since it is strictly taboo to 'go up bananas' under these circumstances. The following account of what actually took place is transcribed from my diary.

FIRST MENSTRUATION CEREMONY AS PERFORMED FOR NAWI

September 12, 1930. On my walk round the village this morning I found all the women greatly excited, because it has just been discovered that Nawi has started her first menstrual flux. This had been anticipated for several months, and the women had often told me that it was sure to happen soon. They had been very much looking forward to it, and are very disappointed that the banana-palm ceremony cannot be held because the time is approaching for the holding of the *watawutf* ceremony.

All the older women went into the bush and gathered quantities of cordyline leaves, which they must wear tucked into cane girdles at their waists during the ceremony. Nawi remained in her mother's hut. Her friend Kiots, with whom she generally goes about, is staying in the hut with her. Kiots experienced her first period some months ago, but the banana-palm ceremony was not held for her because she is a commoner. She is keeping Nawi company now out of friendship, not ceremonially. The two little girls who are her official companions are Talewu and Beawon. Talewu is the *mani*. Talewu is the daughter of Poa, Nawi's father, by another mother, who is sister to Nawi's mother (by the same father but a different mother). Nawi calls Talewu *kiar* (sib of the same sex). It follows that Talewu belongs to the same clan as Nawi, viz. Naboin. But Beawon, who is not related to Nawi (there is no relationship term used between them), belongs to the other clan, Nakarib. This is contrary to the information given me previously by Pari and other women, who said that the two little companions of the girl must belong to the same clan as herself. It would thus seem that in this, as in many other particulars, the rules are not strictly adhered to.

All the people of the village, men and women, members of both

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crop was just about finished when I left at the end of September. Throughout the season they are brought in every day in large quantities, women and girls walking many miles to collect them, and spending hours hunting for them among the fallen leaves and underbrush that cover the ground everywhere in the bush (*ahuit winoa* = to gather almonds from the ground). I went with them on many occasions, and can testify to their diligence. The trees are much prized, and are always left standing when a patch of ground is cleared for a new taro garden.

The nuts are cracked with a stone or a lump of coral. They are always eaten immediately, unless it is desired to use them to make ceremonial pudding, when they are grated on rough coral, or pounded, and mixed with taro. So far as I know, these people do not store the nuts for future use, or smoke them as is done at Sa'a (Ivens, 1927, p. 367).

Ceremony for first almonds.

Up till recently a ceremony was performed, corresponding with that described by Ivens for the SE. Solomons (p. 367), on the occasion of the ripening of the first almonds. Owing to the disapproval of the native mission teacher, it did not take place in the year of my residence, but I obtained the following account of it.

When the first ripe nuts are discovered, probably by finding on the ground some whose fleshy, purple outer covering has been eaten by the pigeons, who throw down the hard centre, men collect stones suitable for cracking the almonds, and take them to the bush. Some of them climb the tree whose nuts are ripe first. Others stay below. Those in the tree throw down a large number of nuts and then come down and join those below. Some crack the nuts, others bring them to the men who are busy cracking them. The women must stop in the village, except for a few who go to the garden to bring back a supply of taro.

When the men have cracked plenty of almonds, they get a leaf of the bush banana and pour all the kernels into it. They all hold it by its edges and stretch it out to its full length. Two logs are cut and laid on the ground parallel to one another; short pieces of wood are laid on top of these transversely. The leaf full of almonds is laid on these transverse logs, and covered up with another banana leaf. The two leaves and their contents are then tied firmly together with rough cane or creeper, and the supporting logs are taken

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342 565 verandah, which is covered by the roof but is open in front. This is called the 'eye' of the hut (*matan pi inu*). It serves as a gathering-place for the men for informal discussions of matters of importance, as well as for social chats. In it are kept the slit-gongs belonging to the *tsunaun*, one at least, and possibly two.

342 476 All the able-bodied men and boys in the village are expected to help in the building of a house, but most of the work will be done by the owner and his more intimate friends. The workmen are not paid, but can count upon similar assistance when they require it. The old men say that the younger ones are now no longer willing to help in this way, they only want to go off into the bush or to laze on the shore. Even in the case of the men's houses, much exhortation on the part of the *tsunaun* was necessary before the requisite amount of labour was forthcoming.

Dimensions of Huts in Kurtatchi Village

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	ft.	in.
Total length of principal hut	46	2
Open front portion ('eye') of this hut (under roof and included in total length)	11	0
Length of ordinary hut varies, average about	30	0
Total width, the same for all huts	11–12	0
Height, from ridge-pole to ground	10	0
Height of side-walls (*oror*), approx.	2	0
Height of platform, front and back, approx.	2–3	0
Height of a typical doorway	1	9
Width of a typical doorway	1	4

342 184 *Variations.* In some of the hill villages, the front and back of the huts, instead of being closed with sheets of bark or with planks, are constructed of bamboo twisted and plaited into elaborate patterns, or laced together somewhat after the manner of a Venetian blind. Where this is found in the coast villages, as it sometimes is, e.g. at Saposa, it is done in imitation of the practice of the hill people, on the suggestion of the mission, as an improvement on the usual type of coast house. On the islands of Petats, Pororan, and Hitau, the missionaries are encouraging the building of houses of an entirely different style, raised on piles, with high walls and a pitched roof (see Pl. 3 *b*). These are rapidly replacing the old-style huts, and the innovation is gradually spreading. On Petats hardly any of the old-style huts remain. There is no doubt that the raising of the house on piles, necessitating the construction of a plank floor in place of the bare ground, and the additional air and light obtained by

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of the clam-shell for the disk, the present-day native prefers to use the middle of a china saucer ground smooth at the edges. These ornaments seem to have come under the special displeasure of the missionaries, probably owing to their connexion with ceremonies and fighting, and it is almost certain that their manufacture will shortly cease altogether. Several specimens in my collection were obtained because the owners had discarded them as belonging to the olden times.

Strings of ceremonial currency made of shell disks (*beroan*, Pl. 67, 2*a*, 2*b*) are worn as ornaments at dances, being wound round the neck or waist or hung over the shoulder. Anything worn across the shoulders is referred to as *sawiro*, if put round the waist the word is *wos*.

Girdles of aromatic leaves are much liked, and may have a magical value as well as being ornamental. As a result of contact with white men, belts are coming into great favour, though they are quite unnecessary for keeping the loin-cloth in position. Some of the young men have trade belts, those who have none use strips of dried banana fibre. Occasionally a belt will be seen of coloured plaited grass in a pattern similar to those on the arm-bands; these are made, like the arm-bands, by the mountain natives; they are obtained by barter and are much prized. They are also sometimes made of thin strips of cane closely bound with native string. The outside is plastered with red paint put on very thickly, and looks not unlike leather.

The women of West Buka and the adjacent islets make belts of twisted fibre, round in section, ornamented with interwoven black bands made of the shiny outer bark of the bush banana. They are finished off with a long bunch of loose threads of fibre, which hangs down behind like a tail when the belts are worn. Their use is confined to dances, and the women take pleasure in moving their bodies so that the tails wave about. Only women and children wear these belts. My friends at Petats made one specially for me, and were much pleased when I subsequently appeared in it to join in their dances. The women of Kurtatchi do not make them, and appeared to be unfamiliar with them; they were greatly interested when I showed them mine, and insisted on my putting it on and showing how the Petats women danced with it. But they made no attempt to copy it.

The belts made by women during the period of mourning for a

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destroyed. The usual way of showing anger is to break up one's own personal possessions.[1] One day I heard a great commotion inside a hut, and on inquiring the reason, was told that two women had been fighting because one had eaten some pawpaw belonging to the other, who was very angry, and had, besides fighting the culprit, broken all her *own* pots; it was her howling that called my attention to the incident. It might be thought that the breakage was done accidentally in a fit of blind temper, but other instances indicate that it was far more likely to have been intentional. In my collection of stories there is one in which a man who, rebuffed in his efforts to have illicit sexual intercourse with a woman, ran away and hid when summoned to the shore for the punishment by shooting. The double injury, his undesired attentions and his cowardly attempt to escape from the consequences, angered the woman so much that she destroyed her own taro garden.

Other people's property may also be broken, with the owner's consent, for the same reason. A curious example occurred during my residence. The mission teacher at Tabut, a village friendly to and closely associated with Kurtatchi, had, with more zeal than discretion, been trying to stamp out the custom of wearing hoods in accordance with the rule that a woman must avoid her *waris*, He had even gone so far as to damage one of the hoods. This was reported at Kurtatchi, a more conservative village, and so incensed the women there that they made a descent on Tabut *en bloc* for the purpose of showing their displeasure. I was invited to go with them. We approached the village slowly, in a procession, with some show of ceremony. Every woman wore her hood, some even had two, one on the top of the other. The Tabut women received us amicably, and so far from resisting the destruction of their property, actually brought out their water coco-nuts to be broken up, though I fancy this was co-operation in self-defence, as they were careful to bring out old ones, whereas if left to themselves, the Kurtatchi women exercised no such discrimination. Pots were also brought out, and laid on the verandahs, but honour was apparently satisfied with this gesture, for no pots were actually broken on this occasion. When they considered that enough damage had been done, the Kurtatchi women went home, and no retaliation followed.

On another occasion the same thing took place at Kurtatchi.

[1] This is paralleled in other parts of Melanesia, cf. Ivens, 1927, p. 12.

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On the present occasion the mother, a very old woman, had

body smeared with black paint, which was also matted into thick blobs in her hair. The widow showed none of these traditional signs of mourning, contrary to the old custom, which prescribed that the widow must put ashes on her hair and skin and must have her arms and legs rubbed with the skin of a banana which has been dipped in a mixture of red ochre and coco-nut oil. This she had to retain all the time she remained in the house. She may not eat whatever food was last eaten by her husband previous to his death. In the olden days, at the end of the period of mourning she would have become the wife of his brother, but this practice has been given up in deference to the wishes of the missionary, who encourages, while not enforcing, monogamy. It is now becoming customary for a widow not to marry again, but if a man loses his wife he usually takes another.

765 302 178 [587 797]

Fate of the soul

I was told by one of the principal men of the village that in the olden times they thought the spirit (*abiap* in the Petats dialect, equivalent to the Kurtatchi *abin*, not to *urar* which is represented by *amat*) of the dead man came out of the hole where he was buried and came back and stayed in his house, so they destroyed the house and by this means destroyed the *abiap*. The dead man's coco-nut palms and other property were also destroyed. Now the mission has taught them to believe that the *abiap* 'goes up on top' and does not come back.

775 768 [797]

It is thought that the *abiap* goes about looking for the person who had poisoned him. When it has found him it tells him: 'You poisoned me, you will die soon.' Soon after the man dies, and the people know it was he who poisoned the other man. This belief appears to be held still, though it is no longer customary, as in the olden days, to put a piece of bamboo through the wall of the house and question it as to who was responsible for the death. It was supposed to move about and thus to indicate the answer. They say it does not work at Petats any more, but assert that it still acts at Lontis.

775 761 178

Disposal of the dead man's possessions

In the case of Tairisia, his pigs had been eaten by his relatives during his illness, at his own request. No further destruction of

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INFORMATION OBTAINED AT THE VILLAGE OF KURTATCHI, N. BOUGAINVILLE

764 797 As previously explained, this village is under the jurisdiction of the Roman Catholic Mission, and has a resident mission teacher, a native of another village. He took up residence only a few weeks before my arrival, but teaching had been going on for some time and I found that the funeral arrangements, except for the customary wailing, were conducted entirely according to the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church. The only exception was that Maravin, an old man who had been hostile to the mission, was buried with no ceremony whatever. The native mission teacher would not conduct a Christian service over him because he had not been baptized, and the natives were afraid to perform their own rites for fear of incurring the displeasure of the priest. But the village went in terror of his *urar* for many a day, in consequence of the omission.

764 177 I did not, therefore, witness the ritual about to be described, but the change was recent enough for a clear memory of what formerly took place to remain in the minds of my informants. Although they appeared to welcome the new teaching, being of the opinion that the practices of the white man were, *ipso facto*, superior to their own, it seemed to me that the change had been one in outward form only, and that they retained their own beliefs concerning death and the future life side by side with as much as they understood of the ideas implanted by the mission teacher, in happy unconsciousness of any incongruity.

764 The following description of the old funerary rites was given me by Matarē, my most intelligent and reliable informant. Other men were standing by listening as he talked, and occasionally chimed in to corroborate or to suggest some detail which he had omitted. Accounts received on other occasions tallied with this in all essentials, and it may, I think, be accepted as a reasonably accurate description of ceremonies that will never be performed again.

Funerary rites

[565] When a person of *tsunaun* lineage dies all the people wail. They make a stretcher (*pōpōa*) to carry him on. In the olden days they took the man on the stretcher far out to sea in a canoe and, having tied his feet together with creepers, they fixed stones to the body, threw

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INFLUENCE OF WHITE CONTACT ON NATIVE DREAMS

159 177 The effect on dreams of the changes brought about by contact with whites, and of the conflict, conscious or unconscious, arising out of such contact, does not figure very largely in my collection of dreams from Kurtatchi. But it is seen in some dreams recorded on the island of Pororan[1] by Mr. Gordon Thomas, who kindly placed them at my disposal. Some of these are here given in illustration of this aspect of the subject.

159 Dreamed by Koran, Mission teacher, aged about 35.

I saw men coming down to the beach near the big calophyllum tree, and they looked across the lagoon towards the Mission station, and they asked me what was the matter with the houses at the Mission as they appeared to be all alight; glowing as with a fire. Afterwards I went in my canoe over to the Mission and met there the Fathers, with whom I shook hands. After I had shaken hands with them I asked a schoolboy there: 'Where are the Fathers going?' He replied that they were going to Bei (a mountain village about five miles away). I asked why the Fathers were going to Bei, and he replied that the natives there wished to make trouble with the Fathers, so the Fathers wished to visit them and punish them. The Fathers then held Mass and afterwards stood on the beach looking across at Bei point. While they looked they could see the *Marsina* (a small inter-island steamer) anchored there. The Fathers wished to board the mission schooner, but before they could reach the wharf the rain started, and they decided to remain at the Mission station.

At the end of a long dream concerning fishing, the following passage occurs:

There were several steamers anchored at the Kessa point, and there seemed to be a number of European houses there. I went ashore and the place seemed to be like Sydney. (The dreamer has never been in Sydney or any large city.) I met one of the Fathers here and we went aboard one of the steamers, and then on to another steamer. The weather was cold like it must be in Australia. I met another Father here and he told me to go and sleep in a bed. I went, and it was like a white man's bed and had a mosquito net. I pulled ten blankets over me as it was so cold. Then I went to church with the Fathers and they said Mass. When this was finished we had something to eat. It was good food from tins, like white people eat. When the food was finished we

[1] The island of Pororan, off the west coast of Buka, lies on the steamer route and is frequently visited by white people. It has had a resident native Mission teacher (Roman Catholic) for some years, and on the Buka coast, about five miles away, there is a Roman Catholic Mission station and school.